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NO.8

SLO DEATH

SPECIAL: GREENPEACE ISSUE!

\$1.00

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OVER MY  
DEAD BODY!  
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Support Greenpeace

SLOW DEATH 8



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Another Art Carbunkle scan



AYE, THAR SHE BLOWS! THE LIFE-
BREATH of the GREAT LEVIATHAN!
GRANDEST CREATURE ON EARTH!
MAN HAS CONTEMPLATED THE
MYSTERIOUS WHALE SINCE HE
FIRST VENTURED UPON THE
DEEP, AND HUNTED HIM ALMOST
AS LONG. IT IS OF MEN AND
WHALES THAT I WOULD
SPEAK, BOY..

HONOUR & GLORY
WHALING

CALL ME FISHMAZ! I BEEN AROUND SINCE THE DAYS OF WOODEN SHIPS AND IRON MEN! SEEMS LIKE NOWADAYS IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND, IF YE KETCH MY DRIFT! TALES OF MEN AND WHALES GO WAY BACK, A LOT FUTHER'N ME! THE EARLIEST LITERATURE ON THE SUBJECT IS THIS HERE OLD BOOK, WHAT TELLS OF THE NORSE HEROS AWHALING WHEN ROME WAS NEW! STORIES OF HEROIC ENCOUNTERS WITH HORRIBLE MONSTERS OF THE DEEP WERE ANCIENT BEFORE THESE YOUNG BUCKS EVER MADE THE SCENE... THE NATIVE PEOPLES OF THE EAST AND WEST COASTS OF NORTH AMERICA HAD PROBABLY BEEN WHALING FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS BY THE TIME THE EUROPEANS SHOWED UP WITH CULTURE... WHALING MUST'VE BEEN AS IMPORTANT AS A POWER QUEST AS IT WAS EC-DNOMICALLY... I MEAN, WHO'S GONNA FOOL AROUND WITH A GUY WHO JUST KILLED A SEA MONSTER WITH A STONE AXE?



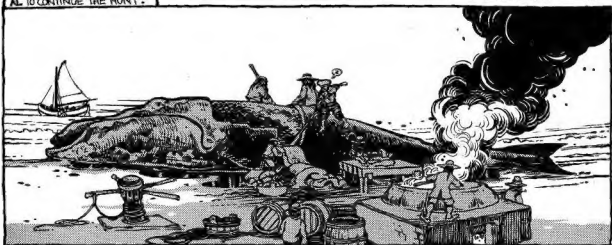
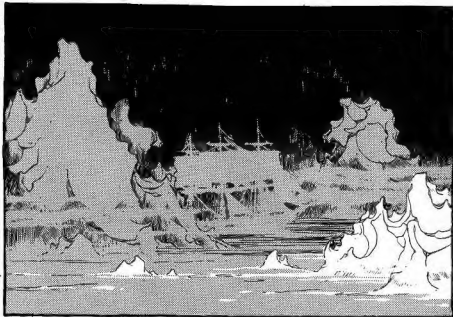
.. AND SO, FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS.. WHEREVER THERE WAS WHALES, THERE WAS SCRAGGLY HEROS IN OPEN BORTS LOOKIN' FOR ACTION. MANY COASTAL COMMUNITIES HAD WHALING-BASED ECONOMIES, BUT IT WASN'T TILL THE 12TH CENTURY THAT ANYTHING LIKE AN INDUSTRY DEVELOPED. THE BASQUES HAD A GOOD THING GOING WITH THE RIGHT WHALES THAT MIGRATED ALONG THEIR SHORES. THE RIGHTS WERE SLOW AND EASY TO KILL, SO FIRST THING Y'KNOW, THE BASQUES ARE IN IT BIGTIME. THEY DEVELOPED TECHNIQUES THAT INDUSTRY THAT WAS TO FOLLOW. THE BASQUES GOT RIGHT WHALES BEGAN TO DISAPPEAR FROM SEAFARERS WERE INTO IT HEAVY. THEY BUILT PREY INTO THE ATLANTIC. SO GOOD AT THE TRADE, IN FACT, THAT THE BAY OF BISCAY. BY NOW, THE BASQUE LARGER BOATS AND PURSUED THEIR



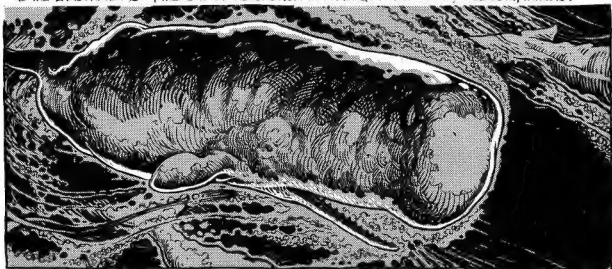
THE COASTS OF FRANCE AND SPAIN WERE NOT THE ONLY ONES VISITED BY MIGRATING WHALES. THE JAPANESE WERE ON TO THE WHALES AND SNARED THEM WITH NETS, THEN KILLED THEM WITH LANCES AND BLADES. AS IN EUROPE, A MARKET BEGAN TO APPEAR FOR THE PRODUCTS OF THE WHALING INDUSTRY, AND AS IN EUROPE, THE WHALERS HAD TO GO FARTHER AND FARTHER ABROAD TO SATISFY IT.



IN EUROPE, WHALING BECAME AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY FOR EVERY MARITIME NATION. THE DUTCH WERE FOREMOST. BY THE 18TH CENTURY OVER 400 DUTCH VESSELS WAS PURSUING THE RIGHT, GREENLAND, AND BOWHEAD WHALE INTO THE NORTH ATLANTIC. THE ENGLISH WAS NO SLACKERS, EITHER, WITH A FLEET THAT GREW FROM 20 TO 250 BETWEEN 1750 AND 1788. THE NORTH ATLANTIC GROUNDS WERE PICKED CLEAN PRETTY FAST. THE WHALERS MOVED NORTH INTO THE ARCTIC. AS THE WHALES DISAPPEARED IN THE MORE SOUTHERLY REGIONS, THESE HARDY LADS FOLLOWED THE SURVIVORS INTO THE REMOTEST ARCTIC WASTES. RIGHT, GREENLAND, SO BOWHEAD WHALES WERE KILLED BY THE 10'S OF THOUSANDS. THEIR NUMBERS WERE SO DEPLETED THAT BY THE BEGINNING OF THE 19TH CENTURY IT WAS UNECONOMICAL TO CONTINUE THE HUNT.



THE BOOM WAS OVER. WHALING CONTINUED, BUT THE ARCTIC FISHERY HAD COLLAPSED. BESIDES THE SCARCITY OF WHALES, THE SEVERE CONDITIONS OF ARCTIC WHALING LIMITED VOYAGES TO THE SUMMER MONTHS. EVEN THEN, THE VOYAGES WERE SHORT. THE WHALES HAD TO BE TOWED TO SHORE STATIONS TO BE PROCESSED INTO OIL. IT WAS A SLOW BUSINESS. THESE OFFSHORE WHALERS COULD HAVE SAILED INTO THE SOUTHERN LATITUDES WHERE THEY KNEW THERE WERE MORE WHALES TO BE KILLED. BIGGER WHALES WITH OIL TO BE TAKEN. THE PROBLEM WAS THE DIFFICULTY & EXPENSE OF SETTING UP SHORE STATIONS ON UNKNOWN OR HOSTILE COASTS. AND THESE WHALERS WERE BOUND TO THE LAND. AFTER 1800, THERE WAS A REVOLUTION IN WHALING. ENTER YANKEE INGENUITY, PATRIOTS.





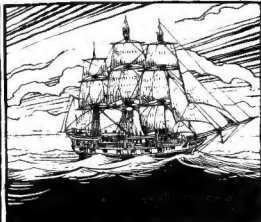
THE AMERICANS HAD BEEN WHALING SINCE COLONIAL TIMES, BUT IT WASN'T TILL AFTER THE REVOLUTION THAT THINGS GOT GOIN'. LIKE THE EUROPEANS, THE AMERICANS HAD OPERATED FROM SHORE BASED WHALING STATIONS. THEY TOO SOON FELT THE CRUNCH OF DIMINISHING STOCKS OF WHALES AS DEMANDS FOR BONE & OIL INCREASED. THE YANKEES ROSE TO THE OCCASION. THEY DEVELOPED THE AMERICAN WHALESHIP, ONE OF THE MOST EFFICIENT KILLING MACHINES EVER DEVELOPED. BARELY 100 FEET LONG, THESE SHIPS WERE CAPABLE OF VOYAGES 'ROUND THE WORLD. THEIR EXTENDED RANGE OPENED NEW WHALING GROUNDS WHICH WERE OVEREXPLOITED AS FAST AS THEY WERE DISCOVERED. BETWEEN 1804 AND 1811 THE US FLEET RECORDED THE SLAUGHTER OF 150,000 SOUTHERN RIGHT WHALES IN THE NEWLY OPENED ANTARCTIC GROUNDS ALONE, & SO THAT DON'T INCLUDE THE ONES THEY DIDN'T WRITE DOWN... THE REAL PREY OF THE AMERICAN HUNTERS WAS THE SPERM WHALE. LARGER & MORE VALUABLE THAN THE RIGHT & BOWHEAD WHALES, IT WAS ALSO MORE DANGEROUS. THE SPERM WHALE RANGED WORLDWIDE, AND THE WHALERS FOLLOWED. BY 1825 THE AMERICANS WERE HUNTING IN THE FAR PACIFIC. FOLLOWING THE FAMILIAR PATTERN OF OVEREXPLOITING & THEN ABANDONING NEW GROUNDS, WHALES WERE ABUNDANT & NEW GROUNDS WERE BEING DISCOVERED EVERY YEAR. THE HUNTS WERE HIGHLY PROFITABLE, BUT IT WAS A RISKY BUSINESS. IT WAS THE CREAM OF NEW ENGLAND'S MANHOOD THAT SHIPPED IN THE WHALERS OF THE FIRST QUARTER OF THE 19TH CENTURY, & BRAVE & HARDY SOULS THEY MUST HAVE BEEN..



THE SHIPS CRUISED THE GROUNDS UNTIL WHALES WERE SPOTTED BY THEIR FEATHERY 'SPOUTS'. BOATS WERE IMMEDIATELY LOWERED AND ROWED OR SAILED IN PURSUIT. THESE BOATS WERE FAST, LIGHT, AND STRONG, AND WELL ENGINEERED FOR THEIR MURDEROUS PURPOSE. THE ACTUAL CAPTURE AND KILLING OF A WHALE WAS THE SAME AS IT HAD BEEN FOR A THOUSAND YEARS... A HAND THROWN SPEAR FROM AN OPEN BOAT. ONCE WITHIN RANGE, THE WHALE WAS STRUCK OR HARPOONED, AND HE USUALLY DIDN'T LIKE IT.

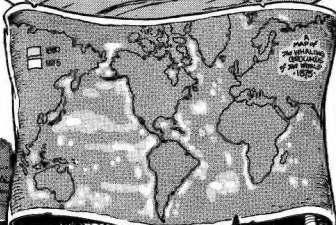
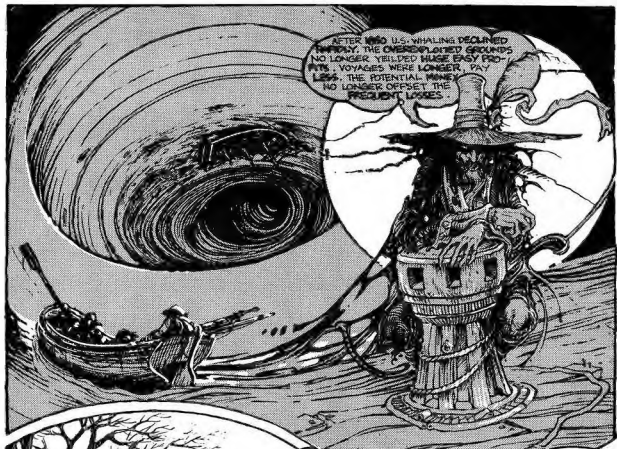


THE HARPOONED WHALE WOULD "SOUND" TO ESCAPE, DRAGGING THE BOAT ALONG THE WAVES. EACH TIME IT WOULD SURFACE TO BREATHE, THE BOATS WOULD CLOSE IN, FORCING IT TO DIVE BEFORE IT COULD CATCH ITS BREATH. EVENTUALLY, EXHAUSTED, IT WOULD WALLOW IN THE SWELLS LONG ENOUGH FOR THE HARPOONER TO MAKE A STAB WITH THE LONG KILLING LANCE. IF A VITAL SPOT WAS HIT, IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THAT WHALE WAS OIL. THE KILL WAS TICKLISH BUSINESS... AN ENRAGED BULL SPERM WHALE WAS JUST AS LIKELY TO CRUSH A BOAT WITH ITS FLUKES AS IT WAS TO TURN TAIL & RIN. WHEN THE WHALE FINALLY SPOUTED CLOTTED BLOOD & TURNED "FIN OUT" IT WAS TOWED BACK TO THE SHIP TO BE "OUT IN". THIS WAS THE KEY TO THE SUCCESS OF THE AMERICAN SHIPS. ALL STAGES OF THE WHALING OPERATION WERE ACCOMPLISHED IN THE CONFINES OF A SMALL, SEAWORTHY VESSEL. THE BLUBBER WAS STRIPPED FROM THE CARCASS & BOILED OUT IN "TRY-WORKS", SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED OVENS ON THE DECK OF THE SHIP. NOTHING WAS WASTED IN THIS BLOODY TRADE. WHALEBONE, TEETH, & OIL WERE CAREFULLY STOWED BELOW. THE WHALES OWN FLESH WAS USE TO FUEL THE VERY FIRES THAT RENDERED HIM OIL. IT WAS FILTHY, DANGEROUS, BACKBREAKING WORK, & IT YEILDED HUGE PROFITS FOR THE OWNERS.



FOR SEVERAL DECADES THE WHALESHIP REPRESENTED AN APEX OF ECONOMICS & TECHNOLOGY, COMBINED WITH THE SKILL & COURAGE OF THE MEN. IT WAS THE GOLDEN AGE OF WHALING - PRETTY ROMANTIC, HEY? THAT'S WHAT THE GREEN HANDS, RECRUITED FROM NEW ENGLAND'S FARMS & VILLAGES, THOUGHT FOR THE FIRST DAY OR SO. FOUR YEARS LATER, IF THEY RETURNED AT ALL, THEY SAW HOME AGAIN. THEY WEREN'T LIKELY TO BE VERY ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT ANOTHER VOYAGE.

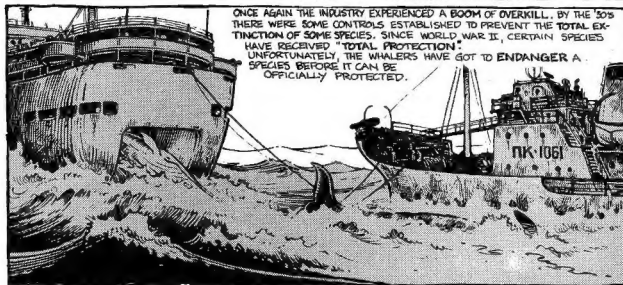
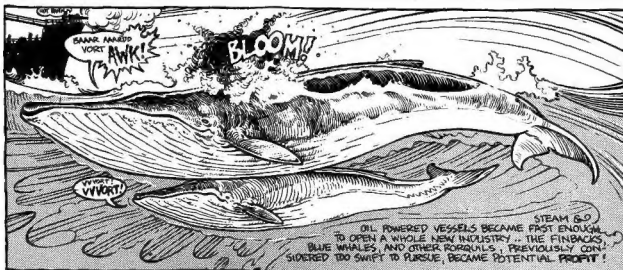
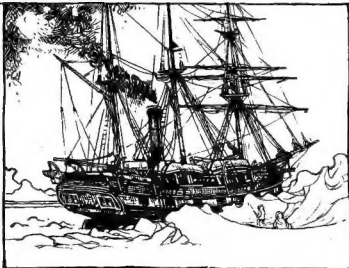
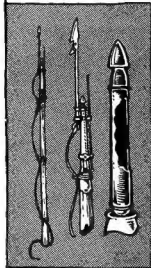




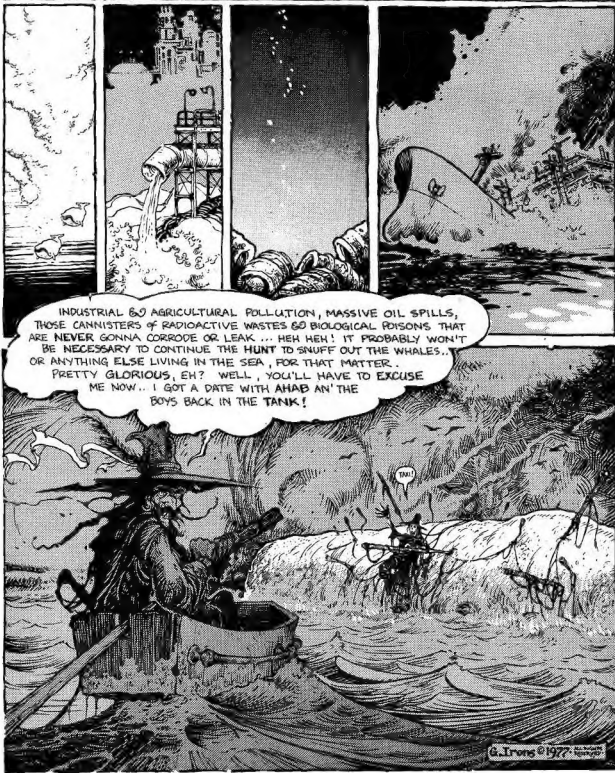
TOO MANY SHIPS WERE SWALLOWED UP LIKE JONAH. IF THE MATERIAL LOSS WAS GREAT, THE HUMAN LOSS WAS GREATER, AT LEAST FOR THOSE WHO MAINTAINED EMPTY GRAVES FOR LOVED ONES LOST AT SEA. THE DISCOVERY OF PETROLEUM WAS A FINAL BLOW TO AN INDUSTRY ALREADY WEAKENED BY SHRINKING RESOURCES & FINANCIAL INSTABILITY. WHALERS STILL SAILED FROM NEW BEDFORD & NEW LONDON, BUT EACH YEAR A FEW MORE HULKS WOULD BE STRIPPED & HAULED ONTO THE MUD FLATS TO BLEACH THEIR BONES IN THE SUN.



BY THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, MOST WHALING ACTIVITY CENTERED AROUND THE AMERICAN PACIFIC PORTS. A FEW OLD TIME WHALERS MADE THE ARCTIC RUN, BUT THEY WERE FAST BEING REPLACED BY A NEW INNOVATION... THE STEAM WHALER. THESE SHIPS HAD MANY OF THE QUALITIES OF THE YANKEE DESIGN, BUT COULD NAVIGATE IN HEAVY ICE. THE HUNTERS WERE ADDITIONALLY EQUIPT WITH ANOTHER TECHNOLOGICAL MARVEL... THE BOMB LANCE, A HARPOON WITH A DEVICE THAT EXPLODED INSIDE THE WHALE. SUPPLEMENTED BY THE SEAL HUNT, THE STEAM FLEET MANAGED TO SCROUNGE A LIVING FROM SEASON TO SEASON. THESE SHIPS WERE MOSTLY BRITISH OR SCANDINAVIAN. THE AMERICANS PRETTY MUCH DROPPED OUT OF THE SCENE, AND SLOWLY OTHERS DID TOO. HOWEVER, NEW EQUIPMENT WERE BEING DEVELOPED. THE SURVIVING WHALERS GREW MORE EFFICIENT.



EQUIPPED WITH RADAR, SONIC DEVICES, HELICOPTERS, AND CENTRAL HEATING, MODERN WHALERS CAN HARDLY MISS. WITH THEIR PRESENT LEVEL OF TECHNOLOGY THEY COULD PROBABLY ELIMINATE ALL THE WHALES IN A MATTER OF YEARS. SUCH IS THE PRICE OF GLORY AND DOGFOOD. BUT THE HUNT IS ONLY SYMPTOMATIC OF A LARGE SCALE ASSAULT ON THE FOOD/LIFE CHAINS OF THE SEA & THE BIOSPHERE AS A WHOLE.



BOOKS HELPFUL IN PREPARING THIS "WORK" INCLUDE WHALE SHIPS & WHALING BY A.C. CHURCH (GREAT RARE PHOTOS); THE STORY OF YANKEE WHALING FROM AMERICAN HERITAGE; MIND IN THE WATERS edited by J. MCINTYRE (SOME INSIGHT INTO WHALES' MINDS & HABITS); VARIOUS ISSUES OF NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC & AMERICAN HERITAGE MAGS; THE WHALE, MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE SEA, BY J. COUSTEAU (FOR SHOCKING FIGURES ON WHALE POPULATIONS, & LOTS OF ECO-INFO); AND MOBY DICK BY H. MELVILLE. APOLOGIES TO HOWARD PYLE, HARRY CLARKE, & UTASAWA KUNIOSHI WHOSE WORK WAS DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY COPPED TO PROVIDE PANELS FOR THIS "COMIC STRIP".

The Bengal Blues



©1993 D. Berni dedicated to sofie



I AM THE BENGAL TIGER. THOUSANDS OF MY FAMILY ONCE ROAMED ALL INDIA.



NOW THERE ARE LESS THAN 2,000 OF US IN INDIA, NEPAL AND BANGLADESH.



UNFORTUNATELY, FOR TOO LONG HUMANS HAVE USED MY COAT FOR THEIR OWN PLEASURES.



BEHAVE IT OR NOT... IN SOME CIRCLES, TIGER SKINS ARE CONSIDERED TO BE STATUS SYMBOLS.



PERHAPS ONE SHOULD LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, WOULD YOU SKIN MORRIS?



ACTUALLY, THE PURPOSE OF THESE GORGEOUS STRIPES IS TO CAMOUFLAGE ME AS I HUNT IN THE FOREST OR RELAX IN MY FAVORITE COOL POND.



HOWEVER THE FORESTS WHERE I LIVE ARE QUICKLY DISAPPEARING.



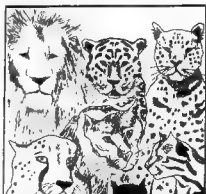
AND THE RIVERBEDS ARE BEING DRAINED FOR FARMING.



AS MY PREY DISAPPEARS WITH THE FORESTS AND WATER, I OFTEN RESORT TO LIVESTOCK FOR FOOD.



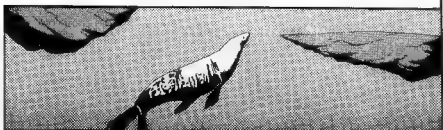
AND TAKE MY CHANCES AT GETTING SHOT OR POISONED, OR LANDING IN A ZOO.



DON'T FORGET MY COUSINS. THE WOLFS, JAGUARS, LEOPARDS, CHEETAHS, PUMAS AND COYOTES.

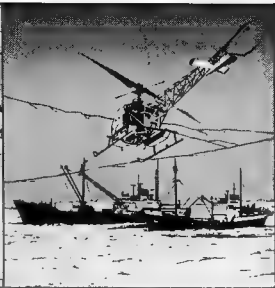


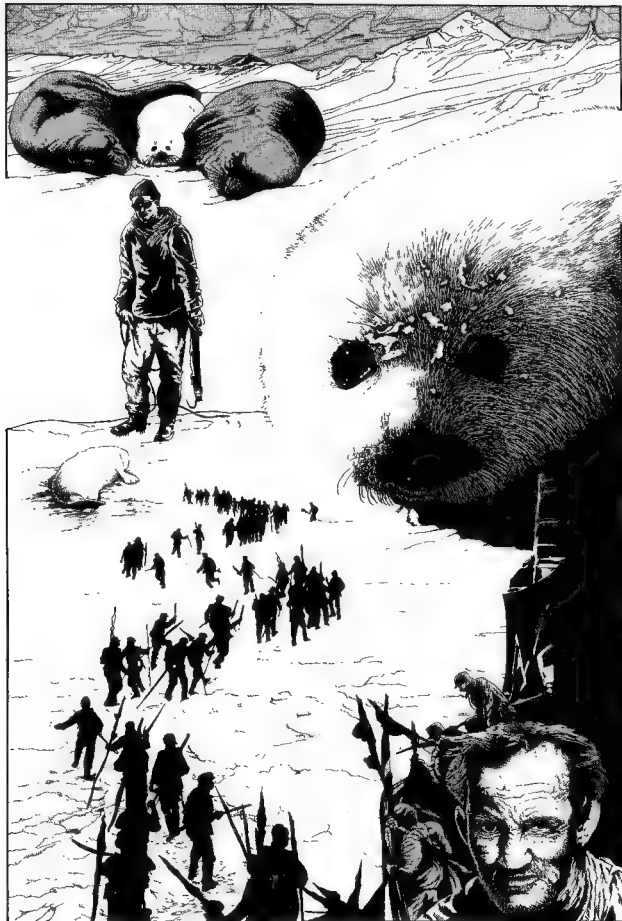
the harp seal hunt is
the only mass slaying
of unweaned, one week
old infants still
perpetuated in
the world today.



RITES OF SPRING







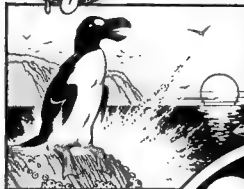






YES, IT'S **ME, GASPAR THE FRIENDLY GHOST**, STROLLING DOWN OLD MEMORY LANE, VISITING THE **LAST GASP** DEAD ZOO AND A MERE FEW OF ITS INHABITANTS — SOME OF THE

ANIMALS YOUR CHILDREN WILL NEVER SEE.



THE **GREAT AUK** WAS THE FIRST BIRD RECORDED EXTINCT IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE — THE **LAST TWO BIRDS** WERE SEEN OFF THE COAST OF ICELAND IN **1844** WHERE THEY WERE PROMPTLY KILLED AND THEIR SINGLE EGG SMASHED.

IN SOUTH AFRICA THE **QUAGGA** WAS SLAUGHTERED FOR ITS ZEBRA-LIKE COAT — **1880** LEFT THE MAJESTIC **QUAGGA** BEHIND...



WHALING PARTIES (WHEN WILL THEY LEARN?) BUTCHERED THE **STELLER'S SEA COW** INTO EXTINCTION IN **1768** — JUST **27 YEARS** AFTER ITS **DISCOVERY!**



THE **PASSENGER PIGEON** WAS ONCE THE **MOST ABUNDANT WILD BIRD EVER KNOWN!** THEY NUMBERED **FIVE BILLION** IN THE DAYS OF AUDUBON! MASSACRED TO PROVIDE **PLUMES FOR LADIES' HATS**, SQUAD DINNERS AND JUST PLAIN FUN, THE **LAST WILD ONE** WAS SHOT IN **1900**. "**MARTHA**" DIED IN THE CINCINNATI ZOO **SEPT. 1, 1914**.

IN NEW ZEALAND THE **520 POUND, TWELVE FEET TALL MOA** ALMOST MADE IT TO **1890** — BUT NOT QUITE! THEIR BONES MADE POPULAR ORNAMENTS AND OH! — THOSE **DRUMSTICKS!**



FACT: BETWEEN **1900** AND **1960**, **800 LIVING SPECIES** WERE DESTROYED BY THE CRIMINAL CARELESSNESS OF MAN. OF THESE, APPROXIMATELY **140** WERE **MAMMALS AND BIRDS!** **FACT:** AN AVERAGE OF **ONE BIRD SPECIES** DIES **PER YEAR** — AND THE RATE IS ACCELERATING.

THESE POOR CREATURES
HAVE FALLEN PREY
TO MAN'S METAL
IN MORE RECENT
TIMES...



THE **JAMAICAN IGUANA**
NEVER CREPT FROM THE 1940'S.
THIS HARMLESS DOCILE
LIZARD WAS DESTROYED BY
MONGOOSES BROUGHT TO
JAMAICA TO CONTROL THE
RAT POPULATION AND
BY THE CITIZENRY
WHO WERE FRIGHT-
ENED AND ALARMED
BY ITS GROTESQUE
APPEARANCE!

THE **EUROPEAN LION**, A
NATIVE OF AFRICA NORTH
OF THE SAHARA —
GONE FOREVER
SINCE 1922.



BY THE TIME YOU
READ THIS, THE
BLUE WHALE, THE
LARGEST CREATURE
EVER TO HAVE EXISTED ON
EARTH (COMPARE THE IN-
SCALE DRAWING OF THE
BRONTOSAURUS) WILL
PROBABLY HAVE PERISHED.
THE MIGHTY BLUE WAS
HUNTED (PARTICU-
LARLY BY THE **SOVIET**
AND **JAP-ANESE** WHALERS) IN THE
60'S AND 70'S THAT BY 1976 THERE
WERE FEW LEFT IN THE OCEAN TO
EACH OTHER TO BREED. HIS
RELATIVES ARE EXPECTED
TO SOON FOLLOW SUIT!
ONLY THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF
INDIVIDUALS (LIKE YOU) AND THE
GROUPS LIKE **GREENPEACE** AND
THE ANIMAL WELFARE INSTITUTE
DO THESE GRACEFUL AND INTELLIGENT
GIANTS STAND EVEN A CHANCE.



THE EXOTIC **BALI TIGER** WAS
TORN FROM ITS JUNGLES UN-
TIL ITS LAST ROAR IN 1963.

IN 1973 THERE WERE **FIVE JAVA**
TIGERS LEFT. THEY ARE MOST
LIKELY GONE BY NOW, TOO.



THE **TASMANIAN WOLF** (OR **THYLACINE**)
GAVE FORTH HIS FINAL BAY IN 1946. HE WAS
THE LARGEST CARNIVOROUS MARSUPIAL AND
WAS KNOWN TO OCCASIONALLY BOUND ABOUT
HIS TERRAIN ON HIS POWERFUL
HINDLEGS — KANGAROO-STYLE!

MR. S. DILLON RIPLEY, SECRETARY OF THE **SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE** HAS
PREDICTED THAT WITHIN 23 YEARS NEARLY EVERY SINGLE WILD ANIMAL
(THREE QUARTERS OF THE LIVING SPECIES) WILL BE EXTINGUISHED. WE AT **SLOW**
DEATH ARE REGRET TO WITNESS THE IMPENDING QUICK DEATH OF OUR FELLOW
TERRESTRIALS AS THEY FUTILELY STRUGGLE FOR THEIR PAINFUL... **LAST GASP!**

OZAN-INKEN

...OR IN OUR LANGUAGE
(WHICH WAS DROPPED
AFTER THE NINE TEENTH
ATOMIC SKIRMISH)
"PIGS OF THE OCEAN"

© DOUG HANSEN 1977

THREE CONTEMPLATIVE WARTHOGS
DRIFT QUIETLY WITH THE LONG BLACK
OCEAN SWELLS. ONE PLAYS SOFTLY
ON A FLUTELIKE INSTRUMENT. THE
SEA AROUND THEIR RAFT SURGES
AND ROLLS WITH HUGE GLISTENING
FORMS. THEY ARE CALLED BALEENAS.

THE BALEENAS
SEEM TO ENJOY THAT
COMPOSITION... IS IT ONE
OF YOURS PORCILE?

YES

I CAN FEEL THEM
OUT THERE... AS
THEY CAN FEEL
YOUR MUSIC.

THE BALEENAS ARE GRACEFUL,
INTELLIGENT GIANTS OF THE
OPEN OCEAN. THEY HAVE NO
NATURAL ENEMIES, YET THEIR
NUMBERS DIMINISH DAILY.

IT IS THE
BALEENA
HUNTERS!

FRIENDS...
THIS IS AN
ANCIENT CIPHER.
IT MEANS "PRESERVE
THE BALANCE". I THOUGHT
IT A GOOD SYMBOL FOR
OUR WORK.

WHAT'S
THIS PORCILE?

THE BALEENAS ARE HUNTED AND
KILLED BECAUSE THEIR CARCASSES
ARE USEFUL FOR A NUMBER OF THINGS
... MOLE FOOD... HOOF POLISH... JEWELRY.

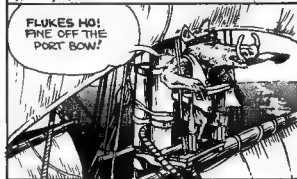
WE MUST
STAY BETWEEN
THE BALEENAS
AND THE SHIP.

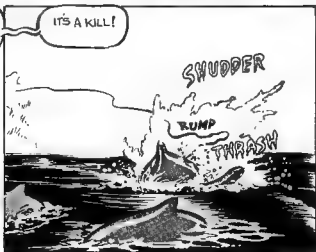
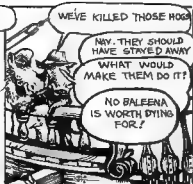
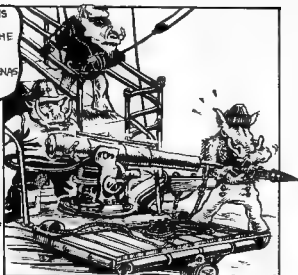
RRRRAMP

ALOFT, IN THE BALEENA HUNTERS FACTORY SHIP-

FLUKES HO!
FINE OFF THE
PORT BOW!

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! WE ARE AN INTERNATIONAL
GROUP OF ENVIRONMENTALISTS - WE OPPOSE THE KILL-
ING OF BALEENAS... GO... BACK TO PORT!







THE FEMALE BALEENA IS WINCHED
ALONG SIDE THE SHIP AND MADE
FAST WITH HOOKS AND CHAINS.
COLDLY EFFICIENT SEA-HOGS CUT HER
APART WITH THEIR RAZOR SHARP
FLENSING KNIVES.

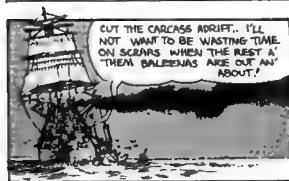
THAT CREATURE
LOOKS ALMOST
BEAUTIFUL LYIN'
THERE

AYE, BUT
SHE'LL LOOK A
FOUL MESS WHEN
WE GETS THROUGH

LOOKOUT! NO
THERE... ME THINKS
YOUR SENTIMENT
IS MISDIRECTED!

THAT GUNNER 'AS
A GOOD EYE. TOOK
'ER CLEAN ON TH'
SPINE

HITCH ME A BALEENA
BULL AN'LL CUT
OFF 'IS ORGAN AN'
MAKE YE A GOLF
BAG OUTN IT!



CUT THE CARCASS ADRIFF.. I'LL
NOT WANT TO BE WASTING TIME
ON SCRAPS WHEN THE REST A'
THEM BALEENAS ARE OUT AN'
ABOUT!



END



EARTH:
MAY
7
1998

A PITY WE
HAD TO
DESTROY
THIS WORLD.

IT WAS NECESSARY!
BESIDES — WE ONLY
FINISHED THE JOB
THEY STARTED.

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THEY WERE A
STRANGE PEOPLE

USING UP THEIR FUELS
AND RESOURCES AT A
CANCEROUS RATE.

YOU DID YOUR
THESIS ON THEIR
SOCIETY — DIDN'T
YOU, OOOCA?

BUT DURING THE LATTER
PART OF MY STUDIES,
THEY FINALLY WENT
TOO FAR

A RACE THAT NEVER
ACKNOWLEDGED ITS
LIMITS —

TAKING WITH NO
THOUGHT OF
RETURNING ...

TWO HUNDRED
YEARS OF STUDY
OOOCA, MY BOY
NEVER DULL
THOSE HUMANS.
"HEH!"

THEY DECIDED THE
LAWS OF NATURE
WERE NO LONGER
ACCEPTABLE.

THEIR PEOPLE DRAINED RIVERS, DESTROYED ENTIRE
SPECIES, ALTERED GENETIC STRAINS. IF ONE FORM
OF ANIMAL LIFE WAS TOO *INCONVENIENT*, THEY
WOULD BREED A PREDATOR TO ELIMINATE IT. OF
COURSE THE FINE BALANCE OF NATURE WAS
DESTROYED.

THE KILLER WOULD
FINISH HIS JOB AND
BEGIN ON A NEW
SPECIES.

A NEW PREDATOR WOULD THEN
BE IMPORTED TO COUNTER-
BALANCE THAT. ALL STOP-GAP
MEASURES *ALL FUTILE*. IT
ULTIMATELY BECAME TOO
COMPLEX FOR THEM TO HANDLE.

THEY WERE DOOMED.

TO COMPOUND THE PROBLEM,
THEIR NATURAL RESOURCES
BECAME DANGEROUSLY SCARCE.

THE EARTHERS
BEGAN TAKING
MINERALS FROM
OTHER PLANETS.

IT WAS A
SIMPLE MATTER
TO CHANGE
THE EARTHS
ATMOSPHERE
TO A CHLORINE
BASE

BUT OOOCA,
HAVEN'T *WE*
ALTERED THE
COSMIC BALANCE
BY DESTROYING
THIS WORLD?

SELF-
PRESERVATION
WE HAD TO.

THIS COULD NOT
BE TOLERATED!
THE DELICATE
ECOLOGICAL
BALANCE OF THE
UNIVERSE WAS
IN DANGER.

... WE'RE IN
DANGER!!!

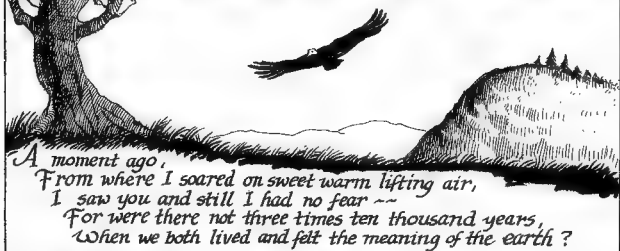
THE PROBLEM
ENDED

PERHAPS...
PERHAPS THEY
FELT THEY HAD
TO ALSO.

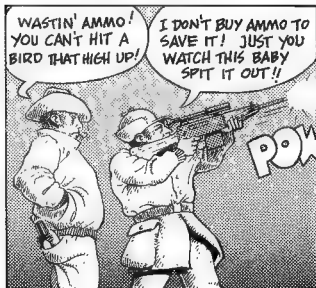
DON'T
MAKE
WAVES.

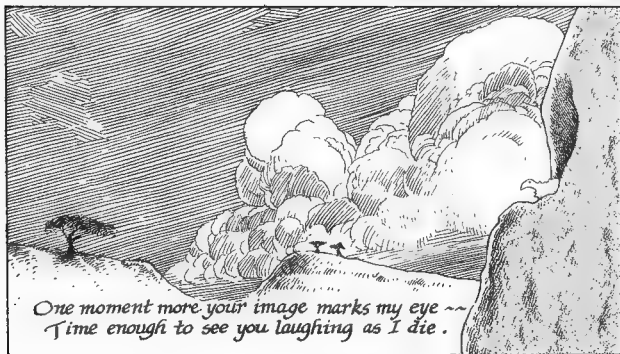
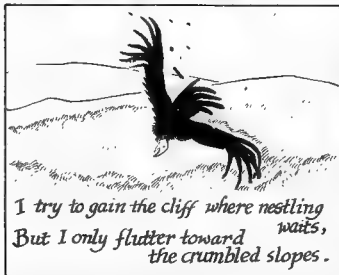
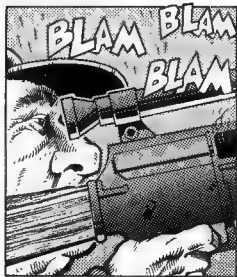
END

CONDOR'S END



*Times past,
You took me for your sacrifice,
With fearful heart and solemn hands,
Knowing my task in the order of things:
To honor life by eating death.*





the LAST DINOSAUR

©Roger H. Brand

THE TUATARA, NICKNAMED THE "LIVING FOSSIL," HAS LIVED FOR BETWEEN 100,000,000 AND 200,000,000 YEARS...NOT A LIZARD, BUT ITS OWN REPTILE BRANCH, IT LIVES ON TWO SMALL NEW ZEALAND ISLANDS...FOR AN AVERAGE OF 100-200 YEARS...THE TUATARA HAS, AMONG OTHER STRUCTURAL ODDITIES, A VESTIGIAL THIRD EYE BETWEEN AND SLIGHTLY ABOVE ITS OTHER TWO...CALLED THE "PINEAL EYE," ITS SECRETIONS (LIKE THOSE OF THE PINEAL GLAND, OR "THIRD EYE" IN HUMANS) ARE CHEMICALLY VERY SIMILAR TO LSD.

WITHIN THE LAST 125 YEARS THE MAOIS OF NEW ZEALAND HAVE WIPE OUT MOST OF THE TUATARAS...THE AUTHOR, HOWEVER, DIDN'T LEARN UNTIL NEARLY COMPLETING THIS STORY THAT IN RECENT YEARS NEW ZEALAND HAS MADE PRESERVES OF THE TUATARA ISLANDS, AND THE CITIES ARE FLOURISHING.

SO AS YOU READ THIS STORY, JUST PRETEND THE TUATARA IS STILL THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION AND BE GLAD IT REALLY ISN'T.

A COUPLE OF GREENPENCERS ARRIVE IN NEW ZEALAND, TO SAVE THE TUATARA.

...SO WE'LL CAPTURE AS MANY AS WE CAN, TRANSPORT THEM TO AN AREA AS PHYSICALLY SIMILAR TO THIS AS POSSIBLE, SET IT UP AS A SANCTUARY...AND HOPE THEY ADAPT AND REPRODUCE NORMALLY...



'AS MANY AS WE CAN' ISN'T GOING TO BE MANY, TWO, I'LL GET.

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT...BUT EVEN A FEW IS BETTER THAN NONE.



A FEW HOURS LATER

FINALLY! I SEE ONE... ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS OFF!

GO EASY...KEEP IT IN SIGHT, BUT LET'S SEE IF THERE'RE MORE AROUND...ANYWAY, DON'T WANT TO SCARE IT...



HEY! I'LL BE DARNED! THEY'RE COMING OUT OF THE WOODWORK!

...THEY SEEM TO BE WATCHING US!



HOWDY, HUMANS... SET YOURSELVES DOWN...YOU MUST BE TIRED



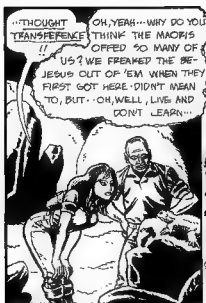
I'M DOWN HERE.



...DID YOU HEAR IT? I DON'T KNOW I DON'T KNOW IF I HEARD IT... IS THIS REALLY HAPPENING?

SURE...THOUGHT TRANSPERFENCE AND ALL THAT... WE DON'T REALLY WISH TO BE CAPTURED, BUT YOUR INTENTIONS ARE HONORABLE, SO MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME...WE CAN AT LEAST HAVE A SOCIABLE AFTERNOON.





...THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE !!

OH, YEAH... WHY DO YOU THINK THE MAORIS OFFED SO MANY OF US? WE FREAKED THE BE-JESUS OUT OF 'EM WHEN THEY FIRST GOT HERE. DIDN'T MEAN TO, BUT... OH, WELL, LIVE AND DON'T LEARN...



THE AFTERNOON PROGRESSES

'LIVING FOSSILS'? YEAH... THE DINOSAUR AGE... THOSE WERE THE DAYS. IT WAS GREAT WHEN OUR MIDDLE EYE WORKED. PHYSICALLY, I MEAN. TWO SETS OF BINOCULAR VISION, INSTEAD OF THIS DUMB PUSHUPS BUSINESS...

OH... YOU CAN'T CATCH-ME-E...

HEE HEE! THIS SURE DOES KNOW HOW TO RINK ON CL' REX'S BUNS!!



...BUT THE EONS COME AND GO... YOU GET SORT OF PHILOSOPHICAL AFTER 100,000,000 YEARS...



HUH ?? YOU'RE 100,000,000 YEARS OLD ?!

COURSE NOT. COLLECTIVE RACIAL MEMORY. -GOOD LORD, HADDO, I KNOW I'M GETTING ON IN YEARS, BUT REALLY...



FINALLY

NOW... KEEP ON WITH WHAT YOU'RE DOING, IT'S A GOOD THING, BUT...

WE'RE HAPPY HERE. IT'S THE ONLY PLACE WE KNOW, AND WE'RE TOO OLD AND CRUSTY TO CHANGE. BESIDES, IF IT'S FINALLY OUR TIME TO GO... WELL, SO BE IT... BY NOW WE'RE ALL PRETTY FATALISTIC...



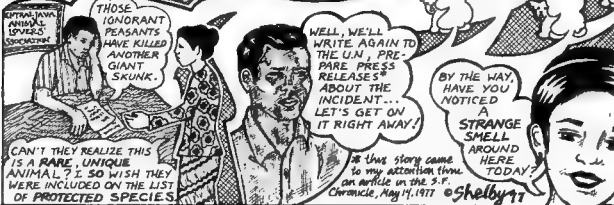
-BESIDES THAT, BEING DEPENDENT ON HUMAN CIVILIZATION ISN'T VERY APPEALING. AFTER ALL, WE'RE NOT THE ONLY SERIOUSLY ENDANGERED SPECIES IN THE WORLD, YOU KNOW. -WELL, GODSPEED...



WHAT'D WE MEAN BY THAT ?

END

and even in Central Java
the Stink Goes On...



THE OL' SALT'S TALE

HEH, HEH... WELL WELL AND WELCOME ABOARD ME HEARTIES! 'TIS I, THE OL' SALT AND I'VE GOT A LITTLE YARN FOR ALL OF YE! IT BE A FAVORITE LIL' FANTASY O' MINE! SO BE YE A SETTLIN' BACK IN YER ARM CHAIR WITH A VESSEL O' YER FAVORITE GROG AND RELAX WHILST I RELATE THIS TALE FROM THE OL' SALT SEA... 'TIS A STORY I CALL...



OUR STORY BEGINS A LONG TIME AGO OR MAYBE TOMMORROW... ON A DISTANT STAR... THERE WAS A RACE OF BEINGS LIVING IN THE ICY REGIONS... A TRIBE KNOWN AS THE NAVIGS...



FOR IN ALL THEIR YEARS,
THE NAVIGS HAD NEVER
BEEN IN A WAR... THEY LIVED
IN HARMONY WITH EACH
OTHER...



AND WITH THEIR NATURE...

EACH YEAR THE ELDERS OF THE TRIBE HELD A
CEREMONY IN WHICH ONE MALE MEMBER WAS
SELECTED FOR A TWO PART TASK... A TASK NOT
EXPLAINED OR DEFINED...



FOR THE NAVIGS DID NOT QUESTION THE
WISDOM OF THE ELDERS...

HE WAS TO SWIM THE ICY WATERS,
SOUTH TO A SMALL ISLAND. ONCE
THERE HE WAS TO TRAVEL ACROSS
LAND UNTIL HE AGAIN REACHED
THE SEA...



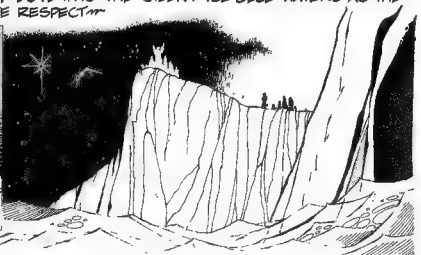
THEN HE WAS TO SWIM SOUTH... IT WAS
DURING THIS TIME HE WOULD RECEIVE
AN ANSWER, A REASON FOR THE TASK...



THIS YEAR THE SELECTION WAS PRINCE TAM ROF... HE HAD BEEN CHOSEN
FOR HIS COURAGE, STRENGTH AND PRESENCE OF MIND... WHEN THE APPPOINTED
TIME ARRIVED, TAM ROF DOVE INTO THE SILENT ICE BLUE WATERS AS THE
TRIBE WATCHED IN QUITE RESPECT...



PRINCE TAM ROF



TAM ROF SWAM THROUGH
THE BITING WATERS,
SOUTH AS HE WAS TOLD

IT HAD BEEN MANY HOURS SINCE HE HAD ENTERED
THE WATER... THIS TASK WAS INDEED GRUELING



THEN TAM SAW IT... THE ISLAND, JUST
AS THE ELDERS HAD SAID



AS HE TOOK REST, TAM REALIZED
THE FIRST PART OF THE TASK
WAS A TEST OF HIS MALENESS...
HE HAD PROVEN IT, EVEN TO
HIMSELF

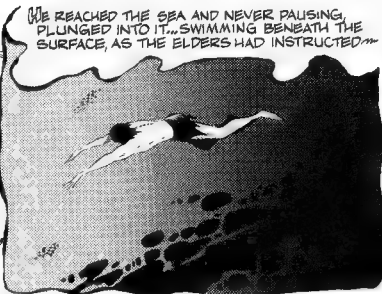


HIS STRENGTH RENEWED, TAM BEGAN
THE TREK ACROSS THE ISLAND

HE WONDERED WHAT AWAITED
HIM IN THE ICY SEAS BEYOND



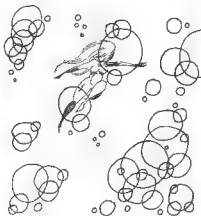
HE REACHED THE SEA AND NEVER PAUSING,
PLUNGED INTO IT... SWIMMING BENEATH THE
SURFACE, AS THE ELDERS HAD INSTRUCTED



TAM MOVED ON THROUGH
THE DIMNESS ~~~



THEN! LO! HE SAW IT... A
FORM IN THE WATERS
AHEAD OF HIM ~~~



A FORM... A FEMALE
FORM... IT WAS THEN TAM
KNEW!



HE KNEW! THE REASON FOR IT
ALL! SHE WAS FROM THE TRIBE
HE HAD ONLY HEARD OF IN HIS
YOUTH, FROM THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE STAR... HE KNEW THE
REASON... TOGETHER THEY
WOULD BEGIN A NEW RACE,
THE BEST OF BOTH! IT ALL
MADE SENSE TO HIM NOW,
IT WAS AS IT SHOULD BE ~~~



THEIR HANDS REACHED
TOWARD EACH OTHER...



AND THEN, FROM ABOVE...



THE LIFELESS BODIES
FLOATED TO THE SURFACE

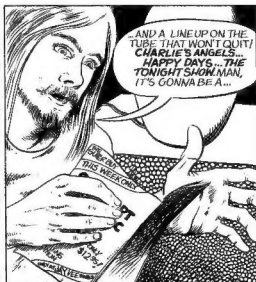


YOU STAY AND MARK THESE
TWO... WE'LL SEE IF THERE'S
MORE!

AYE!

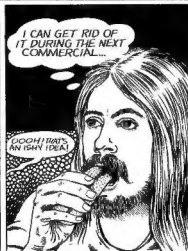
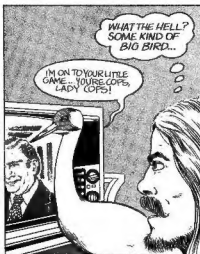


AND THAT SADLY ME BUCK-OS, IS THE END

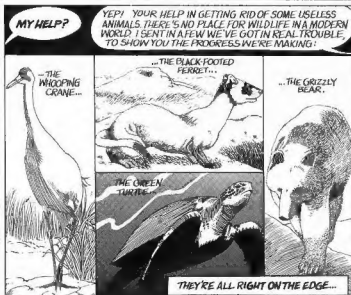


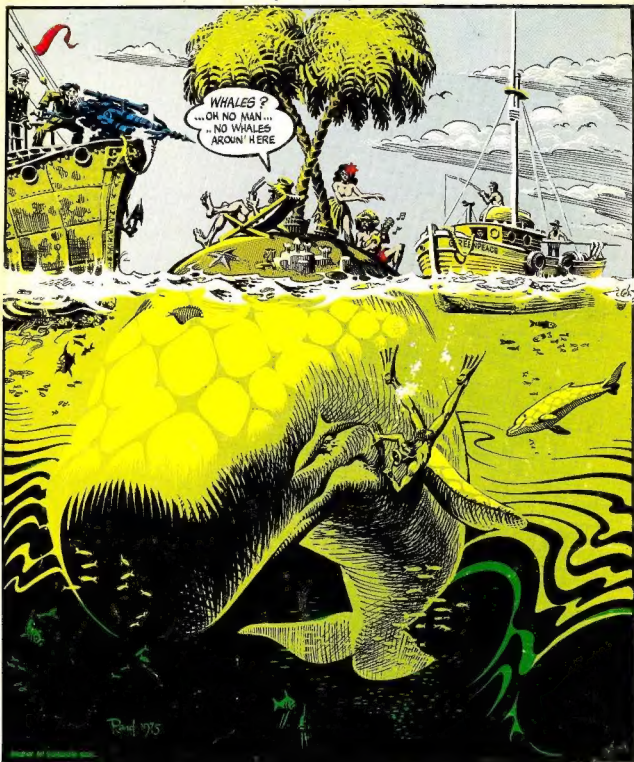
PERFECT EVENING

TBOX-11-77









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